

# Children's Collection of 176 Poems

Year 1 Anthology

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168	I'd Love To Be A Fairy's Child by Robert Graves	1895-1985
169	Hard from the southeast blows the wind by Elizabeth Coatsworth	1893-1986
170	The plant cut down to the root by Elizabeth Coatsworth	1893-1986
171	Swift things are beautiful by Elizabeth Coatsworth	1893-1986
172	B How grey the rain by Elizabeth Coatsworth	1893-1986
173	The warm of heart shall never lack a fire by Elizabeth Coatsworth	1893-1986
174	John Henry anonymous	
175	Casey Jones anonymous	around 1900
176	Every Time I Climb A Tree by David McCord	1897-1997

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**1 Fairy Lullabye from Midsummer Night's Dream** by William Shakespeare

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen;

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail, do no offense.

Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady night;  
So, good night, with lullaby.

---

**2 Under the Greenwood Tree** by William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat-  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.  
Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets-  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

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**3 A Violet Bank** by William Shakespeare

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows:  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

---

**4 Who is Silvia?** From Two Gentlemen of Verona by Shakespeare

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

---

**5 If You See a Tiny Fairy** by William Shakespeare

If you see a tiny faery,  
Lying fast asleep  
Shut your eyes  
And run away,  
Do not stay to peek!  
Do not tell  
Or you'll break a faery spell.

---

**6 Jog on, Jog on** from A Winter's tale by Shakespeare

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

---

**7 Ariel's Song** from The Tempest by Shakespeare

Where the bee sucks. there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

---

**8 When Icicles Hang** by the Wall from Love's Labor Lost by Shakespeare

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail  
And Tom bears logs into the hall  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
When all aloud the wind doth blow  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw  
And birds sit brooding in the snow  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whit;  
Tu-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

---

**9 Hark, Hark! the Lark from Cymbeline** by Shakespeare

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise:  
Arise, arise.

---

**10 The Succession of the Four Sweet Months** by Robert Herrick

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers;  
Then after her comes smiling May,  
In a more rich and sweet array;  
Next enters June, and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before;  
Then, lastly, July comes, and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three.

---

**11 Poem** by Matthew Prior

Sir, I admit your general rule  
That every poet is a fool;  
But you yourself may serve to show it,  
That every fool is not a poet.

---

**12 Against Idleness and Mischief** by Isaac Watts

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be passed,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

---

**13 For Want of a Nail**, author unknown, sometimes said to be Ben Franklin, but probably older. Possibly refers to a real battle in England- possibly the one where Richard III lost to Henry Tudor, crying "My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,  
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,  
For want of the horse, the rider was lost,  
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,  
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,  
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail!

---

**14 The Tiger** by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart,  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

---

**15 Spring** by William Blake

Sound the flute!  
Now it's mute!  
Birds delight,  
Day and night,  
Nightingale,  
In the dale,  
Lark in sky, -  
Merrily,  
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,  
Full of joy;  
Little girl,  
Sweet and small;  
Cock does crow,  
So do you;  
Merry voice,  
Infant noise;  
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,  
Here I am;  
Come and lick  
My white neck;  
Let me pull  
Your soft wool;  
Let me kiss  
Your soft face;  
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

---

**16 Laughing Song** by William Blake

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha ha he!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha ha he!'

---

**17** **The Fairy** by William Blake

Come hither my sparrows  
My little arrows  
If a tear or a smile  
Will a man beguile  
If an amorous delay  
Clouds a sunshiny day  
If the step of a foot  
Smites the heart to its root  
Tis the marriage ring  
Makes each fairy a king.

So a fairy sung  
From the leaves I sprung  
He leap'd from the spray  
To flee away  
But in my hat caught  
He soon shall be taught  
Let him laugh let him cry  
He's my butterfly  
For I've pull'd out the Sting  
Of the marriage ring.

---

**18** **The Lamb** by William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb  
He is meek, and He is mild,  
He became a little child  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

---

**19** **Five Little Chickens** A traditional English rhyme

Said the first little chicken,  
With a strange little squirm,  
"I wish I could find  
A fat little worm."

Said the second little chicken,  
With an odd little shrug,  
"I wish I could find  
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chicken,  
With a sharp little squeal,  
"I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal."

"Said the fourth little chicken,  
With a sigh of grief,  
"I wish I could find  
A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,  
With a faint little moan,  
"I wish I could find  
A wee gravel stone."

"Now see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast,  
Just come here and SCRATCH!"

---

**20** **A Boy's Song** by James Hogg

Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to track the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow, among the hay;  
Up the water and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

---

**21** **Meg Merrilies** by John Keats

Old Meg she was a Gipsy,  
And liv'd upon the Moors:  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants pods o' broom;  
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,  
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her Sisters larchen trees--  
Alone with her great family  
She liv'd as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon,  
And 'stead of supper she would stare  
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh  
She made her garlanding,  
And every night the dark glen Yew  
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown  
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,  
And gave them to the Cottagers  
She met among the Bushes.  
Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen  
And tall as Amazon  
An old red blanket cloak she wore;  
A chip hat had she on.  
God rest her aged bones somewhere--  
She died full long agone!

---

**22** **Winter** by John Keats

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy Tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity:  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle through them;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy Brook,  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look;  
But with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writh'd not at passéd joy?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbéd sense to steal it,  
Was never said in rhyme.

---

**23** **Lucy Gray** by William Wordsworth

Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray,  
And when I crossed the Wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary Child.

No Mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide Moor,  
The sweetest Thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the Fawn at play,  
The Hare upon the Green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night,  
You to the Town must go,  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your Mother thro' the snow.'

'That, Father! will I gladly do;  
'Tis scarcely afternoon--  
The Minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the Moon.'

At this the Father raised his hook  
And snapped a faggot-band;  
He plied his work, and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe,  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,  
She wandered up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb  
But never reached the Town.

The wretched Parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the Moor;  
And thence they saw the Bridge of Wood

A furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turned, and cried  
'In Heaven we all shall meet!'  
When in the snow the Mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed,  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,  
And to the Bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank,  
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living Child,  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome Wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

---

**24** **The Pin** by Ann Taylor

"Dear me! what signifies a pin!  
I'll leave it on the floor;  
My pincushion has others in,  
Mamma has plenty more:  
A miser will I never be,"  
Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play,  
She left the pin behind,  
For Betty's broom to whisk away,  
Or some one else to find;  
She never gave a thought, indeed,  
To what she might to-morrow need.

Next day a party was to ride,  
To see an air-balloon!  
And all the company beside  
Were dress'd and ready soon:  
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,  
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,  
She did to search begin;  
There was not onenot one, the band  
Of her pelisse to pin!  
She cut her pincushion in two,  
But not a pin had slidden through!

At last, as hunting on the floor,  
Over a crack she lay,  
The carriage rattled to the door,  
Then rattled fast away.  
Poor Emily! she was not in,  
For want of justa single pin!

There's hardly anything so small,  
So trifling or so mean,  
That we may never want at all,  
For service unforseen:  
And those who venture wilful waste,  
May woeful want expect to taste.

---

**25** **Meddlesome Matty** by Ann Taylor

One ugly trick has often spoil'd  
The sweetest and the best;  
Matilda, though a pleasant child,  
One ugly trick possess'd,  
Which, like a cloud before the skies,  
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,  
To peep at what was in it,  
Or tilt the kettle, if you did  
But turn your back a minute.  
In vain you told her not to touch,  
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,  
And by mistake she laid  
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay  
Too near the little maid;  
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,  
As soon as grandmamma is gone. "

Forthwith she placed upon her nose  
The glasses large and wide;  
And looking round, as I suppose,  
The snuff-box too she spied:  
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;  
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,  
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'  
But then, she's far enough away,  
And no one else is near:  
Besides, what can there be amiss  
In opening such a box as this? "

So thumb and finger went to work  
To move the stubborn lid,  
And presently a mighty jerk  
The mighty mischief did;  
For all at once, ah! woful case,  
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, beside  
A dismal sight presented;  
In vain, as bitterly she cried,  
Her folly she repented.  
In vain she ran about for ease;  
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dash'd the spectacles away,  
To wipe her tingling eyes,  
And as in twenty bits they lay,  
Her grandmamma she spies.  
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"  
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,  
And tingling still, and sore,  
Made many a promise to refrain  
From meddling evermore.  
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,  
She ever since has kept her word.

---

**26** **The Star** by Jane Taylor

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are !  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the trav'ler in the dark,  
Thanks you for your tiny spark,  
He could not see which way to go,  
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often thro' my curtains peep,  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

'Tis your bright and tiny spark,  
Lights the trav'ler in the dark :  
Tho' I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

---

**27 Little Pussy** by Jane Taylor

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm;  
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.  
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I very gently will play.  
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;  
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy, and then she will purr;  
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.  
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,  
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw.  
I never will vex her, nor make her displeas'd -  
For Pussy can't bear to be worried or teased.

---

**28 Abou Ben Adhem** by Leigh Hunt

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:--  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?"--The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

---

**29** Sir Walter Scott

'Tis merry in Greenwood- thus runs the old lay,-  
In the gladsome month of lively May,  
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray  
Invites to forest bower;  
Then rears the ash his airy chest,  
Then shines the birch in silver vest,  
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,  
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,  
Like a chieftan's frowning tower;  
Though a thousand branches join their screen,  
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,  
And tip the leaves with lighter green,  
With brighter tints the flowers;  
Dull is the heart that loves not then  
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,  
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,  
When the sun is in his power.

---

**30** Lullaby of an Indian Chief by Sir Walter Scott

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;  
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;  
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,  
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo.

---

**31** **Allen-a-Dale** by Sir Walter Scott

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,  
Allen-aDale has no furrow for turning,  
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
Come read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale;  
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,  
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;  
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;  
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:  
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;  
"Tis the blue vault of heaven, with it's crescent so pale,  
And with all it's bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;  
They lifted the latch, and the bade him be gone;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:  
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye.  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

---

**32** **Hunter's Song** by Sir Walter Scott

The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,  
Ever sing merrily, merrily;  
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,  
Hunters live so cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten,  
Bearing its branches sturdily;  
He came silently down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully;  
She warned him of the toils below,  
O so faithfully, faithfully!

He had an eye, and he could heed,  
Ever sing so warily, warily;  
He had a foot, and he could speed--  
Hunters watch so narrowly.

---

**33** **When Mother Reads Aloud** (Anonymous)

When mother reads aloud the past  
Seems real as every day;  
I hear the tramp of armies vast,  
I see the spears and lances cast,  
I join the thrilling fray;  
Brave knights and ladies fair and proud  
I meet when mother reads aloud.  
"When mother reads aloud, far lands  
Seem very near and true;  
I cross the desert's gleaming sands,  
Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,  
Or sail the ocean blue;  
Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists shroud,  
I scale, when mother reads aloud.  
"When mother reads aloud I long  
For noble deeds to do--  
To help the right, redress the wrong,  
It seems so easy to be strong, so simple to be true,  
O, thick and fast the visions crowd  
When mother reads aloud.

---

**34 Four Seasons** (Anonymous)

Spring is showery, flowery, bowery.  
Summer: hoppy, choppy, poppy.  
Autumn: wheezy, sneezy, freezy.  
Winter: slippy, drippy, nippy.

---

**35 Over in the Meadow** by Olive Wordsworth

Over in the meadow,  
In the sand in the sun  
Lived an old mother toadie  
And her little toadie one  
"Wink!" said the mother;  
"I wink!" said the one,  
So they winked and they blinked  
In the sand in the sun

Over in the meadow,  
Where the stream runs blue  
Lived an old mother fish  
And her little fishes two  
"Swim!" said the mother;  
"We swim!" said the two,  
So they swam and they leaped  
Where the stream runs blue

Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree  
Lived an old mother bluebird  
And her little birdies three  
"Sing!" said the mother;  
"We sing!" said the three  
So they sang and were glad  
In a hole in the tree

Over in the meadow,  
In the reeds on the shore  
Lived an old mother muskrat  
And her little ratties four  
"Dive!" said the mother;  
"We dive!" said the four  
So they dived and they burrowed  
In the reeds on the shore

Over in the meadow,  
In a snug beehive  
Lived a mother honey bee

And her little bees five  
"Buzz!" said the mother;  
"We buzz!" said the five  
So they buzzed and they hummed  
In the snug beehive

Over in the meadow,  
In a nest built of sticks  
Lived a black mother crow  
And her little crows six  
"Caw!" said the mother;  
"We caw!" said the six  
So they cawed and they called  
In their nest built of sticks

Over in the meadow,  
Where the grass is so even  
Lived a gay mother cricket  
And her little crickets seven  
"Chirp!" said the mother;  
"We chirp!" said the seven  
So they chirped cheery notes  
In the grass soft and even

Over in the meadow,  
By the old mossy gate  
Lived a brown mother lizard  
And her little lizards eight  
"Bask!" said the mother;  
"We bask!" said the eight  
So they basked in the sun  
On the old mossy gate

Over in the meadow,  
Where the quiet pools shine  
Lived a green mother frog  
And her little froggies nine  
"Croak!" said the mother;  
"We croak!" said the nine  
So they croaked and they splashed  
Where the quiet pools shine

Over in the meadow,  
In a sly little den  
Lived a gray mother spider  
And her little spiders ten  
"Spin!" said the mother;  
"We spin!" said the ten  
So they spun lacy webs  
In their sly little den

---

**36** **A Calendar** by Sara Coleridge

January brings the snow,  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes,  
Loud and shrill,  
To stir the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs  
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the childrens hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm Septemper brings the fruit;  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;  
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

---

**37** **The Spider and the Fly** by Mary Howitt

Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,  
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;  
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,  
And I've a many curious things to shew when you are there."  
Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,  
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;  
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.  
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,  
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"  
Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,  
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, " Dear friend what can I do,  
To prove the warm affection I 've always felt for you?  
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;  
I'm sure you're very welcome -- will you please to take a slice?"  
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind Sir, that cannot be,  
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,  
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!  
I've a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,  
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."  
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you 're pleased to say,  
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,  
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:  
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,  
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.  
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,  
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;  
Your robes are green and purple -- there's a crest upon your head;  
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;  
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue --  
Thinking only of her crested head -- poor foolish thing! At last,  
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.  
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,  
Within his little parlour -- but she ne'er came out again!

And now dear little children, who may this story read,  
To idle, silly flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:  
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart and ear and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly

---

**38** **The Owl and The Pussycat** by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

---

**39** **Calico Pie** by Edward Lear

Calico Pie,  
The little Birds fly  
Down to the calico tree,  
Their wings were blue,  
And they sang 'Tilly-loo!'  
Till away they flew,-  
And they never came back to me!  
They never came back!  
They never came back!  
They never came back to me!

Calico Jam,  
The little Fish swam,  
Over the syllabub sea,  
He took off his hat,  
To the Sole and the Sprat,  
And the Willeby-Wat,-  
But he never came back to me!  
He never came back!  
He never came back!  
He never came back to me!

Calico Ban,  
The little Mice ran,  
To be ready in time for tea,  
Flippity flup,  
They drank it all up,  
And danced in the cup,-  
But they never came back to me!  
They never came back!  
They never came back!  
They never came back to me!

Calico Drum,  
The Grasshoppers come,  
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,  
Over the ground,  
Around and around,  
With a hop and a bound,-  
But they never came back to me!  
They never came back!  
They never came back!  
They never came back to me!

**40** **The Jumblies** by Edward Lear

They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,  
In a Sieve they went to sea:  
In spite of all their friends could say,  
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
In a Sieve they went to sea!  
And when the Sieve turned round and round,  
And every one cried, `You'll all be drowned!'  
They called aloud, `Our Sieve ain't big,  
But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!  
In a Sieve we'll go to sea!'  
    Far and few, far and few,  
        Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
        And they went to sea in a Sieve.

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,  
In a Sieve they sailed so fast,  
With only a beautiful pea-green veil  
Tied with a riband by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast;  
And every one said, who saw them go,  
`O won't they be soon upset, you know!  
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,  
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
In a Sieve to sail so fast!'  
    Far and few, far and few,  
        Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
        And they went to sea in a Sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did,  
The water it soon came in;  
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
In a pinky paper all folded neat,  
And they fastened it down with a pin.  
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar,  
And each of them said, `How wise we are!  
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,  
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,  
While round in our Sieve we spin!'  
    Far and few, far and few,  
        Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
        And they went to sea in a Sieve.

And all night long they sailed away;  
And when the sun went down,  
They whistled and warbled a moony song

To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown.  
'O Timballo! How happy we are,  
When we live in a Sieve and a crockery-jar,  
And all night long in the moonlight pale,  
We sail away with a pea-green sail,  
In the shade of the mountains brown!'  
    Far and few, far and few,  
        Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
        And they went to sea in a Sieve.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,  
To a land all covered with trees,  
And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,  
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,  
And a hive of silvery Bees.  
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-daws,  
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,  
And no end of Stilton Cheese.  
    Far and few, far and few,  
        Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
        And they went to sea in a Sieve.

And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more,  
And every one said, 'How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore!'  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And every one said, 'If we only live,  
We too will go to sea in a Sieve,---  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore!'  
    Far and few, far and few,  
        Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
    Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
        And they went to sea in a Sieve.

---

**41** **The Duck and the Kangaroo** by Edward Lear

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,  
'Good gracious! How you hop!  
Over the fields and the water too,  
As if you never would stop!  
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,  
And I long to go out in the world beyond!  
I wish I could hop like you!'  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

'Please give me a ride on your back!'  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.  
'I would sit quite still, and say nothing but "quack,"  
The whole of the long day through!  
And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,  
Over the land and over the sea;  
Please take me a ride! O do!'  
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,  
'This requires some little reflection;  
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,  
And there seems but one objection,  
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,  
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,  
And would probably give me the roo-  
Matiz!' said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, 'As I sat on the rocks,  
I have thought over that completely,  
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks  
Which fit my web feet neatly.  
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,  
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,  
All to follow my own dear true  
Love of a Kangaroo?'

Said the Kangaroo, 'I'm ready!  
All in the moonlight pale;  
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!  
And quite at the end of my tail!'  
So away they went with a hop and a bound,  
And they hopped the whole world three times round;  
And who so happy, O who,  
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

**42** **The Pobble Who Has No Toes** by Edward Lear

The Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we;  
When they said, 'Some day you may lose them all; '--  
He replied, -- 'Fish fiddle de-dee!'  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink,  
Lavender water tinged with pink,  
For she said, 'The World in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!

The Pobble who has no toes,  
Swam across the Bristol Channel;  
But before he set out he wrapped his nose,  
In a piece of scarlet flannel.  
For his Aunt Jobiska said, 'No harm  
'Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;  
'And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes  
'Are safe, -- provided he minds his nose.'

The Pobble swam fast and well  
And when boats or ships came near him  
He tinkedly-binkledy-winkled a bell  
So that all the world could hear him.  
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,  
When they saw him nearing the further side,--  
'He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's  
'Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!'

But before he touched the shore,  
The shore of the Bristol Channel,  
A sea-green Porpoise carried away  
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.  
And when he came to observe his feet  
Formerly garnished with toes so neat  
His face at once became forlorn  
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew  
From that dark day to the present,  
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,  
In a manner so far from pleasant.  
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,  
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away --  
Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
How the Pebble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes  
Was placed in a friendly Bark,  
And they rowed him back, and carried him up,

To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.  
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish  
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;--  
And she said,-- 'It's a fact the whole world knows,  
'That Pebbles are happier without their toes.'

---

**43** **November** by Alice Cary

The leaves are fading and falling,  
The winds are rough and wild,  
The birds have ceased their calling,  
But let me tell you, my child,  
Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.  
And when the Winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves.  
The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest way-side blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.  
The leaves to-day are whirling,  
The brooks are dry and dumb,  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The Spring will be sure to come.  
There must be rough, cold weather,  
And winds and rains so wild;  
Not all good things together  
Come to us here, my child.  
So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beauteous summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.

---

**44** **Seven Times One** by Jean Ingelow

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven:  
I've said my "seven times" over and over,  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter,  
My birthday lessons are done,  
The lambs play always, they know no better,  
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low,  
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing--  
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold!  
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtledoves dwell!  
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper  
that hangs in your clear, green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,  
I will not steal them away,  
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet--  
I am seven times one today.

---

**45 July** by Susan Hartley Swett

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragonfly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It's July.

When The tangled cobweb pulls  
The cornflower's cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It's July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It's July.

When the hours are so still that time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
Underneath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It's July.

---

**46 Old Mother Hubbard** by Sarah Catherine Martin

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To fetch her poor dog a bone;  
But when she came there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe;  
But when she came back  
He was smoking a pipe.  
She went to the grocer's  
To buy him some fruit;  
But when she came back  
He was playing the flute.

She went to the baker's  
To buy him some bread;  
But when she came back  
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's  
To buy him a coffin;  
But when she came back  
The poor dog was laughing.

She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat;  
But when she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

The dame made a curtsy,  
The dog made a bow;  
The dame said, "Your servant."  
The dog said, "Bow wow!"

---

**47** **Weather** (anonymous)

Whether the weather be fine  
Or whether the weather be not,  
Whether the weather be cold  
Or whether the weather be hot,  
We'll weather the weather  
Whatever the weather,  
Whether we like it or not.

---

**48** **The Frog and the Centipede** (anonymous)

A centipede was happy quite,  
until a frog in fun said:  
"Pray tell which leg comes after which?"  
This raised her mind to such a pitch,  
She lay distracted in a ditch,  
Considering how to run.

---

**49** **A bird came down the walk** by Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk:  
He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad,--  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;  
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

---

**50** **A Narrow Fellow in the Grass** by Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass  
Occasionally rides;  
You may have met him, did you not,  
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,  
A spotted shaft is seen;  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,  
A floor too cool for corn.  
Yet when a child, and barefoot,  
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash  
Unbraiding in the sun,  
When, stooping to secure it,  
It wrinkled, and was gone.

---

**51 To Make a Prairie** by Emily Dickinson

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,  
One clover, and a bee,  
And revery.  
The revery alone will do  
If bees are few

---

**52 The Snow** by Emily Dickinson

It sifts from leaden sieves,  
It powders all the wood,  
It fills with alabaster wool  
The wrinkles of the road.

It makes an even face  
Of mountain and of plain,  
Unbroken forehead from the east  
Unto the east again.

It reaches to the fence,  
It wraps it, rail by rail,  
Till it is lost in fleeces;  
It flings a crystal veil  
On stump and stack and stem,  
The summer's empty room,  
Acres of seams where harvests were,  
Recordless, but for them.

It ruffles wrists of posts,  
As ankles of a queen,  
Then stills its artisans like ghosts,  
Denying they have been.

---

**53 I'm Nobody! Who Are You?** by Emily Dickinson

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there 's a pair of us-don't tell!  
They 'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

---

**54** **The Arrow and the Song** by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

---

**55** **The Brook** by Alfred Lord Tennyson

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me as I travel  
With many a silver water-break  
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go  
But I go on forever.

---

**56** **The Eagle** by Alfred Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

---

**57** **The Oak** by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Live thy life,  
Young and old,  
Like yon oak,  
Bright in spring,  
Living gold;

Summer-rich  
Then; and then  
Autumn-changed,  
Soberer hued  
Gold again.

All his leaves  
Fall'n at length,  
Look, he stands,  
Trunk and bough,  
Naked strength.

---

**58** **Lady Moon** by Richard Monckton Milnes

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"  
"Over the sea."  
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"  
"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling and never  
Resting to sleep?  
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever  
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;  
You are too bold.  
I must obey my dear Father above me,  
And do as I'm told."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"  
"Over the sea."  
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"  
"All that love me."

---

**59 Pippa's Song** by Robert Browning

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven--  
All's right with the world!

---

**60 The Blind Men and the Elephant** A Hindu fable by John Godfrey Saxe

It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,  
And happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
'God bless me! but the Elephant  
Is very like a wall!'

The Second, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried, 'Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an Elephant  
Is very like a spear!'

The Third approached the animal,  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake:  
'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant  
Is very like a snake.'

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,  
And felt about the knee.  
'What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain,' quoth he;  
'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
Is very like a tree!'

The Fifth who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said: `E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most:  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan!

The Sixth no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
'I see,' quoth he, `the Elephant  
Is very like a rope!

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong!

So, oft in theologic wars,  
The disputants, I ween,  
Rail on in utter ignorance  
Of what each other mean,  
And prate about an Elephant  
Not one of them has seen!

---

**61** **The Lost Doll** by Charles Kingsley

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.  
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where she lay.  
I found my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played on the heath one day;  
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away,  
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair not the least bit curled;  
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

---

**62** **The First Snowfall** by James Russell Lowell

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

---

**63** **The Fountain** by James Russell Lowell

Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night!  
Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow!  
Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day!  
Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery.  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never aweary; --  
Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest; --  
Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same; --  
Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element; --  
Glorious fountain!  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

---

**64 Hurt No Living Thing** by Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing:  
Ladybird, nor butterfly,  
Nor moth with dusty wing,  
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,  
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,  
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,  
Nor harmless worms that creep.

---

**65 What Is Pink?** by Christina Rossetti

What is pink? a rose is pink  
By the fountain's brink.  
What is red? a poppy's red  
In its barley bed.  
What is blue? the sky is blue  
Where the clouds float thro'.  
What is white? a swan is white  
Sailing in the light.  
What is yellow? pears are yellow,  
Rich and ripe and mellow.  
What is green? the grass is green,  
With small flowers between.  
What is violet? clouds are violet  
In the summer twilight.  
What is orange? why, an orange,  
Just an orange!

---

**66 Who Has Seen the Wind?** by Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you:  
But when the leaves hang trembling  
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I:  
But when the trees bow down their heads  
The wind is passing by.

from Sing Song

<http://www.cs.cmu.edu/~mmbt/women/rossetti/singsong/singsong.html#who>

---

**67** **The Months** by Christina Rossetti

January cold and desolate;  
February dripping wet;  
March wind ranges;  
April changes;  
Birds sing in tune  
To flowers of May,  
And sunny June  
Brings longest day;  
In scorched July  
The storm-clouds fly,  
Lightning-torn;  
August bears corn,  
September fruit;  
In rough October  
Earth must disrobe her;  
Stars fall and shoot  
In keen November;  
And night is long  
And cold is strong  
In bleak December.

---

**68** **"One, Two, Three"** by Henry Cuyler Bunner

It was an old, old, old, old lady  
And a boy that was half past three  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping  
And the boy no more could he  
For he was a thin little fellow  
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight  
Out under the maple tree Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing  
Though you'd never have known it to be  
With an old, old, old, old lady  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his little sound right knee  
And he guessed where she was hiding  
In guesses One, Two Three.

"You're in the china closet!"  
He would laugh and cry with glee...  
it wasn't the china closet,  
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,  
In the chest with the funny old key!"  
And she said: "You are warm and warmer  
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard  
Where Mamma's things used to be...  
So it must be in the clothespress, Gram'ma!"  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers  
That were wrinkled and white and wee...  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places  
Right under the maple tree...  
This old, old, old, old lady  
And the boy with the lame litle knee...

This dear, dear, dear, old lady  
And the boy who was half past three.

---

**69 Little Things** by Julia Fletcher Carney

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Help to make earth happy  
Like the heaven above.

---

**70** **Get up and Bar the Door** (Traditional English)

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
And she 's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
And blew into the floor;  
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
'Gae out and bar the door.'

'My hand is in my hussyfskap,  
Goodman, as ye may see;  
An' it shou'dna be barr'd this hundred year,  
It 's no be barr'd for me.'

They made a paction 'tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure,  
That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,  
Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o' clock at night,  
And they could neither see house nor hall,  
Nor coal nor candle-light.

'Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a poor?'  
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,  
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black.  
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel'  
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,  
'Here, man, tak ye my knife;  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'

'But there 's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than?'-  
'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,  
That boils into the pan?'

O up then started our goodman,  
An angry man was he:  
'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,

And sca'd me wi' pudding-bree?'

Then up and started our goodwife,  
Gied three skips on the floor:  
'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word!  
Get up and bar the door.'

---

**71 Monday's child is fair of face**

Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for its living,  
And the child that's born on the Sabbath day  
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay.  
Anonymous

---

**72 Jemima** (Anonymous - sometimes attributed to Longfellow)

There was a little girl, and she had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
And when she was good, she was very very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs while her parents, unawares,  
In the kitchen down below were at their meals,  
And she stood upon her head, on her little trundle bed,  
And she then began hurrayng with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise, And thought it was the boys,  
A-playing at a combat in the attic,  
But when she climbed the stair and saw Jemima there,  
She took her and did spank her most emphatic!

---

**73** **The Twins** by Henry Sambrooke Leigh

In form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached a fearful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed;  
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John got christened me,  
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged,  
For John turned out a fool.  
I put this question, fruitlessly,  
To everyone I knew,  
"What would you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow, my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.  
In fact, year after year the same  
Absurd mistakes went on,  
And when I died, the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

---

**74** **If No One Ever Marries Me** by Laurence Alma-Tadema

If no one ever marries me -  
And I don't see why they should,  
For nurse says I'm not very pretty,  
And I'm seldom very good -

If no one ever marries me  
I shan't mind very much,  
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage

And a little rabbit hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,  
And a pony all my own  
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,  
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old -  
At twenty-eight or nine -  
I shall buy a little orphan girl  
And bring her up as mine.

---

### Robert Louis Stevenson

From A Child's Garden of verses <ftp://wiretap.area.com/Library/Classic/child.rls>

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

---

### **75** My Shadow by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow--  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes goes so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close behind me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

---

**76** **The Swing** by Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
River and trees and cattle and all  
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown--  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down!

---

**77** **Little Boy Blue** by Eugene Field

The Little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And the musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
And the soldier was passing fair;  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of the pretty toys;  
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue--  
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place--  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face;  
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

**78** **Wynken, Blynken and Nod** by Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe--  
Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.  
The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea--  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish--  
Never afeard are we";  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam--  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home;  
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea--  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

---

**79** **The Duel** by Eugene Field

The gingham dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat;  
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)  
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!  
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
Appeared to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.  
(I was n't there; I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"  
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"  
The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of gingham and calico,  
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!  
(Never mind: I 'm only telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
Employing every tooth and claw  
In the awfulest way you ever saw-  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!  
(Don't fancy I exaggerate-  
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)  
Next morning where the two had sat  
They found no trace of dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away!  
But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now what do you really think of that!  
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)

---

**80** **Maker of Heaven and Earth** by Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

---

**81** **Robin Redbreast** by William Allingham

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!  
For Summer's nearly done;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun;  
Our Thrushes now are silent,  
Our Swallows flown away, --  
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,  
With ruddy breast-knot gay.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
Robin singing sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian Princes,  
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;  
The scanty pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough,  
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,  
'Twill soon be Winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And welaway! my Robin,  
For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the Cricket,  
The wheatstack for the Mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle  
And moan all round the house;  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow, --  
Alas! in Winter, dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go?  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer.

---

**82** **The Fairies** by William Allingham

UP the airy mountain  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting,  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather.  
Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkil he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music,  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen,  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back  
Between the night and morrow;  
They thought she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
Is any man so daring

As dig them up in spite?  
He shall find the thornies set  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting,  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather.

---

**83** **Diamond's Song** by George MacDonald

What would you see if I took you up  
To my little nest in the air?  
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup  
Turned upside downwards there.

What would you do if I took you there  
To my little nest in the tree?  
My child with cries would trouble the air,  
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree  
For all your crying and grief?  
Not a star would you clutch of all you see --  
You could only gather a leaf.  
But when you had lost your greedy grief,  
Content to see from afar,  
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,  
In your heart a shining star.

**84** **The Wind and the Moon** by George Macdonald

Said the Wind to the Moon,  
"I will blow you out!  
You stare In the air  
As if crying," Beware,  
"Always looking what I am about.  
I hate to be watched; "I will blow you out!"

"The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.  
So deep  
On a heap  
Of clouds to sleep,  
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,  
Muttering low "I've done for that Moon"

He turned in his bed; she was there again!  
On high  
In the sky  
With her one ghost-eye,  
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;  
Said the Wind, " I will blow you out again!"

The wind blew hard, and the moon grew slim,  
"With my sledge  
And my wedge  
I have knocked off her edge!  
I will blow, said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,  
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim!"

He blew, and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.  
"One puff  
More's enough  
To blow her to snuff!  
One good puff more where the last was bred,  
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone,  
In the air  
Nowhere  
Was that moonbeam bare;  
Larger and clearer the shy stars shone;  
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The wind he took to his revels once more;  
On down  
And in town,  
A merry-mad clown,  
He leaped and holloed with whistle and roar  
When there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage - he danced and he blew;  
But in vain  
Was the pain  
Of his bursting brain;  
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew,  
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew,

Slowly she grew - till she filled the night,  
And shone  
On her throne  
In the sky alone,  
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
Radiant and lovely, queen of the night.

---

**85** **The Walrus and the Carpenter** by Lewis Carroll

THE sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright --  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done --  
'It's very rude of him,' she said,  
'To come and spoil the fun!'

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead --  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand:  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
'If this were only cleared away,'  
They said, 'it would be grand.'

'If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,  
'That they could get it clear?'  
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,

And shed a bitter tear.

'O Oysters, come and walk with us!  
The Walrus did beseech.  
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head --  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

Out four young Oysters hurried up.  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat --  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more --  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,  
'To talk of many things:  
Of shoes -- and ships -- and sealing wax --  
Of cabbages -- and kings --  
And why the sea is boiling hot --  
And whether pigs have wings.'

'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,  
'Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!'  
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,  
'Is what we chiefly need:

Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed --  
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.'

'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
'After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!'  
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said,  
'Do you admire the view?'

'It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!'  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
'Cut us another slice-  
I wish you were not quite so deaf-  
I've had to ask you twice!'

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,  
'To play them such a trick.  
After we've brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!'  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
'The butter's spread too thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said:  
'I deeply sympathize.'  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,  
'You've had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?'  
But answer came there none --  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd eaten every one.

---

**86 Jabberwocky** by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!'

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
long time the manzome foe he sought -  
so rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling throught the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
he went galumphing back.

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

---

**87 A Baby's Feet** by Algernon Charles Swinburne

A baby's feet, like sea shells pink,  
Might tempt, should heaven see meet  
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea flowers toward the heat  
They stretch and spread and wink  
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet,  
As shine on life's untrodden brink  
A baby's feet.

---

**88 Chickadee** by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Then piped a tiny voice hard by,  
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
"Chick-a-dee-dee!" a saucy note  
Out of sound heart and merry throat  
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places  
Where January brings few faces.

---

**89 Fable** by Ralph Waldo Emerson

The mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel;  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."  
Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together  
To make up a year  
And a sphere.  
And I think it's no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry.  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track;  
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

**90** **When the Frost is On The Punkin** by James Whitcomb Riley

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyouch and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,  
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;  
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,  
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmufere  
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here --  
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock --  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furries -- kindo' lonesome-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;  
The strawsack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;  
The hosses in theyr stalls below -- the clover overhead! --  
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps  
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yeller heaps;  
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks is through  
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and sausage, too!  
I don't know how to tell it -- but ef sich a thing could be  
As the Angles wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me --  
I'd want to 'commodate 'em -- all the whole-indurin' flock --  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

**91** **The Raggedy Man** by James Whitcomb Riley

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;  
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed -- an' we all ist laugh  
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;  
An' nen -- ef our hired girl says he can --  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann. --  
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man -- he's ist so good,  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at boys can't do. --  
He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shooked a' apple down fer me --  
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann --  
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man. --  
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man one time say he  
Pick' roast' rambos from a' orchurd-tree,  
An' et 'em -- all ist roast' an' hot! --  
An' it's so, too! -- 'cause a corn-crib got  
Afire one time an' all burn' down  
On "The Smoot Farm," 'bout four mile from town --  
On "The Smoot Farm"! Yes -- an' the hired han'  
'At worked there nen 'uz The Raggedy Man! --  
Ain't he the beatin'est Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man's so good an' kind  
He'll be our "horsey," an' "haw" an' mind  
Ever'thing 'at you make him do --  
An' won't run off -- 'less you want him to!  
I drived him wunst way down our lane  
An' he got skeered, when it 'menced to rain,  
An' ist rared up an' squealed and run  
Purt' nigh away! -- an' it's all in fun!  
Nen he skeered ag'in at a' old tin can ...  
Whoa! y' old runaway Raggedy Man!  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:  
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,

An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'rselfes:  
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!  
Er Ma, er Pa, er The Raggedy Man!  
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' wunst, when The Raggedy Man come late,  
An' pigs ist root' thue the garden-gate,  
He 'tend like the pigs 'uz bears an' said,  
"Old Bear-shooter'll shoot 'em dead!"  
An' race' an' chase' 'em, an' they'd ist run  
When he pint his hoe at 'em like it's a gun  
An' go "Bang! -- Bang!" nen 'tend he stan'  
An' load up his gun ag'in! Raggedy Man!  
He's an old Bear-shooter Raggedy Man!  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' sometimes The Raggedy Man lets on  
We're little prince-children, an' old King's gone  
To git more money, an' lef' us there --  
And Robbers is ist thick ever'where;  
An' nen -- ef we all won't cry, fer shore --  
The Raggedy Man he'll come and "'splore  
The Castul-halls," an' steal the "gold" --  
An' steal us, too, an' grab an' hold  
An' pack us off to his old "Cave"! -- An'  
Haymow's the "cave" o' The Raggedy Man! --  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man -- one time, when he  
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,  
Says "When you're big like your Pa is,  
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his --  
An' be a rich merchunt -- an' wear fine clothes? --  
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows?"  
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
An' I says "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man! --  
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

---

**92 The Little Elf** by John Kendrick Bangs

I met a little Elf-man, once,  
Down where the lilies blow.  
I asked him why he was so small,  
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye  
He looked me through and through.  
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,  
"As you are big for you."

---

**93 Good Night! Good Night!** by Victor Hugo

Good night! Good night!  
Far flies the light;  
But still God's love  
Shall flame above,  
Making all bright.  
Good night! Good night!

---

**94 A Bunch of Roses** by John Bannister Tabb

The rosy mouth and rosy toe  
Of little baby brother  
Until about a month ago  
Had never met each other;  
But nowadays the neighbors sweet,  
In every sort of weather,  
Half way with rosy fingers meet,  
To kiss and play together.

---

**95 Baby Seed Song** by E. Nesbit

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,  
Are you awake in the dark?  
Here we lie cosily, close to each other :  
Hark to the song of the lark -  
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you ;  
Put on your green coats and gay,  
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you -  
Waken! 'tis morning- 'tis May!"  
Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,  
What kind of a flower will you be?

I'll be a poppy - all white, like my mother;  
Do be a poppy like me.  
What! You're a sunflower! How I shall miss you  
When you're grown golden and high!  
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;  
Little brown brother, good-bye.

---

**96** **White Fields** by James Stephens

In the winter time we go  
Walking in the fields of snow;  
Where there is no grass at all;  
Where the top of every wall,  
Every fence and every tree,  
Is as white, as white can be.

Pointing out the way we came,  
Everyone of them the same-  
All across the fields there be  
Prints in silver filigree;  
And our mothers always know,  
By our footprints in the snow,  
Where the children go.

---

**97** **The Shell** by James Stephens

And then I pressed the shell  
Close to my ear  
And listened well,  
And straightway like a bell  
Came low and clear  
The slow, sad murmur of the distant seas,  
Whipped by an icy breeze  
Upon a shore  
Wind-swept and desolate.  
It was a sunless strand that never bore  
The footprint of a man,  
Nor felt the weight  
Since time began  
Of any human quality or stir  
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.  
And in the hush of waters was the sound  
Of pebbles rolling round,  
For ever rolling with a hollow sound.  
And bubbling sea-weeds as the waters go  
Swish to and fro  
Their long, cold tentacles of slimy grey.  
There was no day,  
Nor ever came a night  
Setting the stars alight  
To wonder at the moon:  
Was twilight only and the frightened croon,  
Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind  
And waves that journeyed blind-  
And then I loosed my ear ... O, it was sweet  
To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

---

**98** **Donnybrook** by James Stephens

I saw the moon, so broad and bright,  
Sailing high on a frosty night!

And the air shone silvery between  
The pearly queen and the silver queen!

And here a white, and there a white  
Cloud mist swam in a mist of light!

And, all encrusted in the sky,  
High, and higher, and yet more high,

Was gold and gold that glimmered through

The hollow vault, the vault blue:

And then I knew - that God was good,  
And the world was fair! And where I stood,

I bent the knee, and bent the head;  
And said my prayers and went to bed.

---

**99** **Velvet Shoes** by Elinor Wylie

Let us walk in the white snow  
In a soundless space;  
With footsteps quiet and slow,  
At a tranquil pace,  
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,  
And you in wool,  
White as a white cow's milk,  
More beautiful  
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town  
In a windless peace;  
We shall step upon white down,  
Upon silver fleece,  
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:  
Wherever we go  
Silence will fall like dews  
On white silence below.  
We shall walk in the snow.

---

**100** **The Sea Gypsy** by Richard Hovey

I am fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,  
With her topsails shot with fire,  
And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!  
With the sunset I must be  
Hull down on the trail of rapture  
In the wonder of the sea.

---

**101** **The Sandman** by Margaret Thomson Janvier

The rosy clouds float overhead,  
The sun is going down;  
And now the sandman's gentle tread  
Comes stealing through the town.  
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,  
And as he shakes his hand,  
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes  
His gift of shining sand.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away -  
Yes, in another land -  
He gathers up at break of day  
His stone of shining sand.  
No tempests beat that shore remote,  
No ships may sail that way;  
His little boat alone may float  
Within that lovely bay.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close  
Above the happy eyes;  
And every child right well he knows, -  
Oh, he is very wise!  
But if, as he goes through the land,  
A naughty baby cries,  
His other hand takes dull gray sand  
To close the wakeful eyes.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song  
Sound through the twilight sweet,  
Be sure you do not keep him long  
A-waiting in the street.  
Lie softly down, dear little head,  
Rest quiet, busy hands,  
Till, by your bed his good-night said,  
He strews the shining sands.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

---

**102 Ducks Ditty** by Kenneth Grahame

All along the backwater,  
Through the rushes tall,  
Ducks are a-dabbling.  
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,  
Yellow feet a-quiver,  
Yellow bills all out of sight  
Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth  
Where the roach swim  
Here we keep our larder,  
Cool and full and dim.

Every one for what he likes!  
We like to be  
Head down, tails up,  
Dabbling free!

High in the blue above  
Swifts whirl and call  
We are down a-dabbling  
Up tails all!

---

**103** **The Cricket and the Ant** Adapted from Aesop, author unknown

A silly young cricket accustomed to sing  
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,  
Began to complain, when he found that at home  
His cupboard was empty,  
and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found  
On the snow-covered ground;  
Not a flower could he see,  
Not a leaf on the tree;  
"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,  
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,  
Away he set off to a miserly ant,  
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant  
him shelter from rain,  
And a mouthful of grain.  
He wished only to borrow,  
He'd repay it to-morrow:  
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,  
But we ants never borrow; we ants never lend.  
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by  
When the weather was warm?" Quoth the cricket, "Not I!  
My heart was so light  
That I sang day and night,  
For all nature looked gay."  
"You sang, sir, you say?  
Go, then," says the ant, "and dance winter away!"

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,  
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.  
Folks call this a fable. I'll warrant it true:  
Some crickets have four legs, and some have but two.

---

**104** **The Little Elf** by John Kendrick Bangs

I met a little Elf-man, once,  
Down where the lilies blow.  
I asked him why he was so small,  
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye  
He looked me through and through.  
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,  
"As you are big for you."

---

**105** **The Elf and the Dormouse** by Oliver Herford

Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf,  
Out of the rain to shelter himself.  
Under the toadstool, sound asleep,  
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.  
Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet  
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.  
To the next shelter - maybe a mile!  
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile,  
Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.  
Holding it over him, gaily he flew.  
Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.  
Soon woke the Dormouse - " Good gracious me!  
"Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented.  
And that's how umbrellas first were invented.

---

**106** **The Chimpanzee** by Oliver Herford

Children, behold the Chimpanzee:  
He sits on the ancestral tree  
From which we sprang in ages gone.  
I'm glad we sprang: had we held on,  
We might, for aught that I can say,  
Be horrid Chimpanzees to-day.

---

**107** **Faery Song** by W. B. Yeats

We who are old, old and gay,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,  
Silence and love;  
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,  
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,  
Rest far from men  
Is anything better, anything better?  
Tell us it then;

We who are old, old and gay,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told.

---

**108** **The City of Falling Leaves** by Amy Lowell

Leaves fall,  
Brown leaves,  
Yellow leaves streaked with brown.  
They fall,  
Flutter,  
Fall again.

---

**109** **Sea-shell** by Amy Lowell

Sea-shell, Sea-shell,  
Sing me a song, oh! Please!  
A song of ships, and sailormen,  
And parrots, and tropical trees;  
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main,  
Which no man ever may find again,  
Of fishes and corals under the waves,  
And seahorses stabled in great green caves.  
Oh, Sea-shell, Sea-shell,  
Sing of the things you know so well.

---

**110** **The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky** by Vachel Lindsay

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.  
He bites it, day by day,  
Until there's but a rim of scraps  
That crumble all away.

The South Wind is a baker.  
He kneads clouds in his den,  
And bakes a crisp new moon \*that . . . greedy  
North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again!\*

---

**111** **The Little Turtle** by Vachel Lindsay

There was a little turtle.  
He lived in a box.  
He swam in a puddle.  
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.  
He snapped at a flea.  
He snapped at a minnow.  
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.  
He caught the flea.  
He caught the minnow.  
But he didn't catch me.

---

**112** **An Old Woman of the Roads** by Padraic Colum

O, to have a little house!  
To own the hearth and stool and all!  
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down!  
A dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day  
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
And fixing on their shelf again  
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night  
Beside the fire and by myself,  
Sure of a bed, and loath to leave  
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och I but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house or bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road,  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house--a house of my own--  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

---

**113** **The Visitor** by Rachel Field

Feather-footed and swift as a mouse  
An elfin gentleman came to our house;  
Knocked his wee brown knuckles upon our door;  
Bowed till his peaked cap swept the floor.  
His shiny eyes blinked bright at me  
As he asked for bread and a sup of tea.  
"And plenty of honey, please," he said,  
"For I'm fond of honey on my bread!"  
Cross-legged he sat, with never a word,  
But the old black kettle sang like a bird;  
The red geranium burst in bloom  
With the blaze of firelight in the room,  
The china rattled on every shelf,  
And the broom danced merrily all by itself.  
Quick to the pantry then I ran  
For to serve that elfin gentleman.  
I brewed him tea,  
I brought him bread  
With clover honey thickly spread.  
One sip he took,  
One elfin bite,  
But his ears they twitched with sheer delight.  
He smacked his lips and he smiled at me.  
"May good luck follow you,  
Child!" said he.  
He circled me round like a gay green flame  
Before he was off away he came,  
Leaving me there in the kitchen dim,  
Sighing and staring after him,  
With the fire low and the tea grown cold,  
And the moon through the window sharp and old,  
Only before me - instead of honey  
That bread was golden with thick-spread money!

---

**114** **City Rain** by Rachel Field

Rain in the city!  
I love to see it fall  
Slantwise where the buildings crowd  
Red brick and all.  
Streets of shiny wetness  
Where the taxies go,  
With people and umbrellas all  
Bobbing to and fro.

Rain in the city!  
I love to hear it drip  
When I am cosy in my room  
Snug as any ship,  
With toys spread on the table,  
With a picture book or two,  
And the rain like a rumbling tomb that sings  
Through everything I do.

---

**115** **The Animal Store** by Rachel Field

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,  
Or maybe a little more,  
I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go  
Straight to the animal store.

I wouldn't say, "How much for this or that?"  
"What kind of dog is he?"  
I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,  
Or wagged a tail at me!

I'd take the hound with the drooping ears  
that sits by himself alone;  
Cockers and Cairns and wobbly pups  
For to be my very own.

I might buy a parrot all red and green,  
And the monkey I saw before,  
If I had a hundred dollars to spend,  
Or maybe a little more.

---

**116** **Hipopotamus** by Hillaire Belloc?

Behold the hippopotomus.  
We laugh at how he looks to us,  
and yet in moments dark and grim,  
I wonder how we look to him.

Peace, peace, thou hippopotomus,  
we really look all right to us,  
as you, no doubt, delight the eye  
of other hippopotomi.

---

**117** **The Vulture** by Hillaire Belloc

The Vulture eats between his meals,  
And that's the reason why  
He very, very, rarely feels  
As well as you and I.

His eye is dull, his head is bald,  
His neck is growing thinner.  
Oh! what a lesson for us all  
To only eat at dinner!

---

**118** **The Yak** by Hillaire Belloc

As a friend to the children  
Commend me the Yak.  
You will find it exactly the thing:  
It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,  
Or lead it about with a string.

The Tartar who dwells on the plains of Thibet  
(A desolate region of snow)  
Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,  
And surely the Tartar should know!  
Then tell you papa where the Yak can be got,  
And if he is awfully rich  
He will buy you the creature --  
or else  
    he will not.  
(I cannot be positive which.)

---

**119** **The Frog** by Hillaire Belloc

Be kind and tender to the Frog,  
And do not call him names,  
As "Slimy skin," or "Polly-wog,"  
Or likewise "Ugly James,"  
Or "Gap-a-grin," or "Toad-gone-wrong,"  
Or "Bill Bandy-knees":  
The Frog is justly sensitive  
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay  
A treatment kind and fair;  
At least so lonely people say  
Who keep a frog (and, by the way,  
They are extremely rare).

---

**120** **Henry King** by Hillaire Belloc

The Chief Defect of Henry King  
Was chewing little bits of String.  
At last he swallowed some which tied  
Itself in ugly Knots inside.

Physicians of the Utmost Fame  
Were called at once; but when they came  
They answered, as they took their Fees,  
``There is no Cure for this Disease.

``Henry will very soon be dead."  
His Parents stood about his Bed  
Lamenting his Untimely Death,  
When Henry, with his Latest Breath,

Cried, ``Oh, my Friends, be warned by me,  
That Breakfast, Dinner, Lunch, and Tea  
Are all the Human Frame requires..."  
With that, the Wretched Child expires.

---

**121** **Fairies** by Rose Fyleman

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!  
It's not so very, very far away;  
You pass the gardner's shed and you just keep straight ahead --  
I do so hope they've really come to stay.  
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,  
And a little stream that quietly runs through;  
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there--  
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!  
They often have a dance on summer nights;  
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,  
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.  
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams  
And pick a little star to make a fan,  
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?  
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!  
You cannot think how beautiful they are;  
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King  
Come gently floating down upon their car.  
The King is very proud and very handsome;  
The Queen--now you can guess who that could be  
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?  
Well -- it's Me!

---

**122** **Have you Watched the Fairies?** by Rose Fyleman

Have you watched the fairies when the rain is done  
Spreading out their little wings to dry them in the sun?  
I have, I have! Isn't it fun?

Have you heard the fairies all among the limes  
Singing little fairy tunes to little fairy rhymes?  
I have, I have, lots and lots of times!

Have you seen the fairies dancing in the air,  
And dashing off behind the stars to tidy up their hair?  
I have, I have; I've been there!

---

**123** **The Fairies** by Rose Fyleman

The fairies have never a penny to spend,  
They haven't a thing put by,  
But theirs is the dower of bird and flower  
And theirs is the earth and sky.  
And though you should live in a palace of gold  
Or sleep in a dried up ditch,  
You could never be as poor as the fairies are,  
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began  
They danced like a ribbon of flame,  
They have sung thier song through the centries long,  
And yet it is never the same.  
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,  
With hair of silver or gold,  
You can never be as young as the fairies are,  
And never as old.

---

**124** **Singing-Time** by Rose Fyleman

I wake in the morning early  
And always, the very first thing,  
I poke out my head and I sit up in bed  
And I sing and I sing and I sing.

---

**125** **October** by Rose Fyleman

The summer is over,  
The trees are all bare,  
There's is mist in the garden  
And frost in the air.  
The meadows are empty  
And gathered the sheaves-  
But, isn't it lovely  
Kicking up leaves.

John from the garden  
Has taken the chairs;  
It's dark in the evening  
And cold on the stairs.  
Winter is coming And everyone grieves-  
But, isn't it lovely  
Kicking up leaves.

---

**126 Mice** by Rose Fyleman

I think mice  
Are rather nice.  
Their tails are long,  
Their faces small,  
They haven't any  
Chins at all.  
Their ears are pink,  
Their teeth are white,  
They run about  
The house at night.  
They nibble things  
They shouldn't touch  
And no one seems  
To like them much  
But I think mice  
Are Nice

---

**127 February Twilight** by Sara Teasdale

I stood beside a hill  
Smoothed with new-laid snow,  
A single star looked out  
From the cold evening glow.

There was no other creature  
That saw what I could see-  
I stood and watched the evening star  
As long as it watched me.

---

**128 The Falling Star** by Sara Teasdale

I saw a star slide down the sky,  
Blinding the north as it went by,  
Too burning and too quick to hold,  
Too lovey to be bought or sold,  
Good only to make wishes on  
And then forever to be gone.

---

**129** **Night** by Sara Teasdale

Stars over snow,  
And in the west a planet  
Swinging below a star-  
Look for a lovely thing and you will find it.  
It is not far-  
It never will be far.

---

**130** **The Faery Forest** by Sara Teasdale

The faery forest glimmered  
Beneath an ivory moon,  
The silver grasses shimmered  
Against a faery tune.

Beneath the silken silence  
The crystal branches slept,  
And dreaming thro' the dew-fall  
The cold white blossoms wept.

---

**131** **The New Duckling** by Alfred Noyes

"I want to be new," said the duckling.  
"Oho!" said the wise old owl,  
While the guinea hen clattered off chuckling  
To tell all the rest of the fowl.

"I should like a more elegant figure,"  
That child of a duck went on.  
"I should like to grow bigger and bigger,  
Until I could swallow a swan.

"I won't be the bondslave of habit,  
I won't have these webs on my toes.  
I want to run around like a rabbit  
A rabbit as red as a rose."

"I don't want to waddle like mother,  
Or quack like my silly old dad.  
I want to be utterly other,  
And frightfully modern and mad."

"Do you know," said the turkey, "you're quacking!  
There's a fox creeping up thro' the rye;

And if you're not utterly lacking,  
You'll make for that duck pond. Good-by!"  
But the duckling was perky as perky,  
"Take care of your stuffing!" he called.  
(This was horribly rude to a turkey!)  
"But you aren't a real turkey," he bawled.

"You'r an early-Victorian sparrow!  
A fox is more fun than a sheep!  
I shall show that my mind is not narrow  
And give him my feathers to keep."

Now the curious end of this fable,  
So far as the rest ascertained,  
Though they searched from the barn to the stable,  
Was that only his feathers remained.

So he wasn't a bondsman to habit,  
And he didn't have webs on his toes;  
And perhaps he runs round like a rabbit,  
A rabbit as red as a rose.

---

**132** **Smells** by Christopher Morley

Why is it that the poet tells  
So little of the sense of smell?  
These are the odors I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;  
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;  
Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fummy pipe;  
The smell of apples, newly ripe;  
And printer's ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September  
Breathe most sweet, and I remember  
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,  
The balsam of a Christmas tree,  
These are whiffs of gramarye. . .  
A ship smells best of all to me!

---

**133** **Song for a Little House** by Christopher Morley

I'm glad our house is a little house,  
Not too tall nor too wide:  
I'm glad the hovering butterflies  
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house.  
It is not shy or vain;  
It gossips with the talking trees,  
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green  
Against our whited walls,  
And in the phlox, the dutious bees  
Are paying duty calls.

More of Morley's poetry here: <http://www.geocities.com/~spanoudi/poems/morley01.html>

---

**134** **Animal Crackers** by Christopher Morley

Animal crackers, and cocoa to drink,  
That is the finest of suppers, I think;  
When I'm grown up and can have what I please  
I think I shall always insist upon these.  
What do you choose when you're offered a treat?  
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"  
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?  
It's cocoa and animals that I love the most!

The kitchen's the coziest place that I know:  
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,  
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see  
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,  
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;  
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I  
Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by;  
And Daddy once said he would like to be me  
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

---

**135** **Trees** by Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see  
A poem as lovely as a tree  
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast  
A tree that looks at God all day  
and lifts her leafy arms to pray  
A tree that may, in summer, wear  
A nest of robins in her hair  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me  
But only God can make a tree.

---

**136** **I Meant To Do My Work Today** by Richard Le Galliene

I meant to do my work to-day --  
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,  
Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand ---  
So what could I do but laugh and go?  
(From the anthology *The Melody of Earth* 1918)

---

**137** **Afternoon on a Hill** by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing  
Under the sun!  
I will touch a hundred flowers  
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds  
With quiet eyes,  
Watch the wind bow down the grass,  
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show  
Up from the town,  
I will mark which must be mine,  
And then start down!

---

**138** **City Trees** by Edna St. Vincent Millay

The trees along this city street  
Save for the traffic and the trains,  
Would make a sound as thin and sweet  
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in their shade  
Out of a shower, undoubtedly  
Would hear such music as is made  
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb  
Against the shrieking city air,  
I watch you when the wind has come,--  
I know what sound is there.

---

**139** **The Rainbow** by Walter De La Mare

I saw the lovely arch  
Of Rainbow span the sky,  
The gold sun burning  
As the rain swept by.

In bright-ringed solitude  
The showery foliage shone  
One lovely moment,  
And the Bow was gone.

---

**140** **Bunches of Grapes** by Walter de la Mare

"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy,  
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;  
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart  
For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy,  
"Primroses pale," says Elaine;  
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette  
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy,  
"Silvery wings," says Elaine;  
"A bumpety ride in a wagon of hay  
For me," says Jane.

---

**141** **The Pasture** by Robert Frost

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I shan't be gone long. -- You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I shan't be gone long. -- You come too.

---

**142** **Fog** by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.

---

**143** **Jazz Fantasia** by Carl Sandburg

Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos,  
Sob on the long cool winding saxophones.  
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy tin pans,  
Let your trombones ooze,  
And go hushahusha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome tree-tops,  
Moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible,  
Cry like a racing car slipping away from a motorcycle cop,  
Bang-bang! you jazzmen,  
Bang altogether drums, traps, banjos, horns, tin cans-  
Make two people fight on the top of a stairway  
And scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling down the stairs.

Can the rough stuff ...  
Now a Mississippi steamboat pushes up the night river  
With a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo ...  
And the green lanterns calling to the high soft stars ...  
A red moon rides on the humps of the low river hills ...

Go to it, O jazzmen.

---

**144** **The Old Gumbie Cat** by T. S. Eliot

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;  
Her coat is of the tabby kind, with tiger stripes and leopard spots.  
All day she sits upon the stair or on the steps or on the mat;  
She sits and sits and sits and sits--and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,  
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.  
And when all the family's in bed and asleep,  
She tucks up her skirts to the basement to creep.  
She is deeply concerned with the ways of the mice--  
Their behaviour's not good and their manners not nice;  
So when she has got them lined up on the matting,  
She teaches them music, crocheting and tatting.

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;  
Her equal would be hard to find, she likes the warm and sunny spots.  
All day she sits beside the hearth or on the bed or on my hat:  
She sits and sits and sits and sits--and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,  
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.  
As she finds that the mice will not ever keep quiet,  
She is sure it is due to irregular diet;  
And believing that nothing is done without trying,  
She sets right to work with her baking and frying.  
She makes them a mouse--cake of bread and dried peas,  
And a beautiful fry of lean bacon and cheese.

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots;  
The curtain-cord she likes to wind, and tie it into sailor-knots.  
She sits upon the window-sill, or anything that's smooth and flat:  
She sits and sits and sits and sits--and that's what makes a Gumbie Cat!

But when the day's hustle and bustle is done,  
Then the Gumbie Cat's work is but hardly begun.  
She thinks that the cockroaches just need employment  
To prevent them from idle and wanton destruction.  
So she's formed, from that lot of disorderly louts,  
A troop of well-disciplined helpful boy-scouts,  
With a purpose in life and a good deed to do--  
And she's even created a Beetles' Tattoo.

So for Old Gumbie Cats let us now give three cheers--  
On whom well-ordered households depend, it appears.

---

**145 April Rain Song** by Langston Hughes

Let the rain kiss you.  
Let the rain beat upon you head with silver liquid drops.  
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.  
The rain makes running pools in the gutter.  
The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night -

And I love the rain.

---

**146 In Time of Silver Rain** by Langston Hughes

In time of silver rain  
The earth  
Puts forth new life again,  
Green grasses grow  
And flowers lift their heads,  
And over all the plain  
The wonder spreads  
Of life,  
Of life,  
Of life!

In time of silver rain  
The butterflies  
Lift silken wings  
To catch a rainbow cry,  
And trees put forth  
New leaves to sing  
In joy beneath the sky  
As down the roadway  
Passing boy and girls  
Go singing too,  
In time of silver rain  
When spring  
And life  
Are new

---

**147** **Only One Mother** by George Cooper

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky.  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together.  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by.  
Hundreds of lambs in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of bees to greet the clover.  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn.  
But only one mother the whole world over.

---

**148** **Mr. Nobody** author unknown

I know a funny little man  
As quiet as a mouse  
He does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house.  
Though no one ever sees his face  
Yet one and all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr Nobody

'Tis he who always tears our books  
Who leaves the door ajar.  
He picks the buttons from our shirts  
And scatters pins afar.  
That squeaking door will always squeak -  
For prithee, don't you see?  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire  
That kettles will not boil:  
His are the feet that bring in mud  
And all the carpets soil.  
The papers that so oft are lost -  
Who had them last but he?  
There's no one tosses them about  
But Mr Nobody.

The fingermarks upon the door  
By none of us were made.  
We never leave the blinds unclosed  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill! The boots  
That lying round you see  
Are not our boots - they all belong

To Mr Nobody.

---

**149 Bird Song** by Laura E. Richards (daughter of Battle Hymn of the Republic's Julia Ward Howe)

The robin sings of willow-buds,  
Of snowflakes on the green;  
The bluebird sings of Mayflowers,  
The crackling leaves between;  
The veery has a thousand tales  
To tell to girl and boy;  
But the oriole, the oriole,  
Sings, "Joy! joy! joy!"

The pewee calls his little mate,  
Sweet Phoebe, gone astray,  
The warbler sings,  
"What fun, what fun,  
To tilt upon the spray!"  
The cuckoo has no song, but clucks,  
Like any wooden toy;  
But the oriole, the oriole,  
Sings, "Joy! joy! joy!"

The grosbeak sings the rose's birth,  
And paints her on his breast;  
The sparrow sings of speckled eggs,  
Soft brooded in the nest.  
The wood-thrush sings of peace, "Sweet peace,  
Sweet peace," without alloy;  
But the oriole, the oriole,  
Sings "Joy! joy! joy!"

---

**150 Eletelephony** by Laura E. Richards (daughter of Battle Hymn of the Republic's Julia Ward Howe)

Once there was an elephant,  
Who tried to use the telephant...  
No! no! I mean an elephone  
Who tried to use the telephone...  
(Dear me! I am not certain quite  
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk  
Entangled in the telephunk;  
The more he tried to get it free,  
The louder buzzed the telephee...  
(I fear I'd better drop the song  
Of elephop and telephong!!!!)

---

**151** **The Cricket** by Marjorie Barrows

And when the rain had gone away  
And it was shining everywhere,  
I ran out on the walk to play  
And found a little bug was there.  
And she was running just as fast  
As any little bug could run,  
Until she stopped for breath at last,  
All black and shiny in the sun.

And then she chirped a song to me  
And gave her wings a little tug,  
And that's the way she showed that she  
Was very glad to be a bug!

---

**152** **Galoshes** by Rhoda W. Bacmeister

Susie's galoshes  
Make splishes and splashes  
And slooshes and sloshes,  
As Susie steps slowly  
Along in the slush.

They stamp and they tramp  
On the ice and concrete,  
They get stuck in the muck and the mud;  
But Susie likes much best to hear

The slippery slush  
As it slooshes and sloshes,  
And splishes and splashes,  
All round her galoshes!

---

**153** **The Mitten Song** by Marie Louise Allen

"Thumbs in the thumb-place,  
Fingers all together!"  
This is the song  
We sing in mitten-weather.  
When it is cold,  
It doesn't matter whether  
Mittens are wool,  
Or made of finest leather.  
This is the song  
We sing in mitten-weather:  
"Thumbs in the thumb-place,  
Fingers all together!"

---

**154** **Little** by Dorothy Aldis

I am the sister of him  
And he is my brother.  
He is too little for us to talk  
To each other.  
So every morning I show him  
My doll and my book;  
But every morning  
He still is too little to look

---

**155** **Being Gypsy** by Barbara Young

A gypsy, a gypsy, Is what I'd like to be,  
If ever I could find one who Would change his place with me.  
Rings on my fingers Earrings in my ears.  
Rough shoes to roam the world For year and years and years.

I'd listen to the stars, I'd listen to the dawn,  
I'd listen to the tunes of wind and rain, The talk of fox and faun.  
A gypsy, a gypsy! To ramble and to roam  
For maybe---oh, A week or so--- And then I'd hie me home!

---

**156** **Let Others Share** by Edward Anthony

Let others share your toys, my son,  
Do not insist on all the fun.  
For if you do it's certain that  
You'll grow to be an adult brat.

---

**157** **There Once Was a Puffin** by Florence Page Jaques

Oh, there once was a Puffin  
Just the shape of a muffin,  
And he lived on an island  
In the  
bright  
blue sea!

He ate little fishes,  
That were most delicious,  
And he had then for supper  
And he  
had  
them  
for tea.

But this poor little Puffin,  
He couldn't play nothin',  
For he hadn't anybody  
To  
play  
with  
at all.

So he sat on his island  
And he cried for a while, and  
He felt very lonely,  
And he  
felt  
very small.

Then along came the fishes,  
And they said, "If you wishes,  
You can have us for playmates  
Instead  
of  
for  
tea!"

So they now play together,

In all sorts of weather,  
And the Puffin eats pancakes,  
Like you  
and  
like  
me.

---

**158** **The Frogs Who Wanted a King** by Joseph Lauren

The frogs were living happy as could be  
In a wet marsh to which they all were suited;  
From every sort of trouble they were free,  
And all night long they croaked, and honked, and hooted.  
But one fine day a bull-frog said, "The thing  
We never had and must have is a king!"  
So all the frogs immediately prayed;  
"Great Jove," they chorused from their swampy border,  
"Send us a king and he will be obeyed,  
A king to bring a rule of Law and Order."  
Jove heard and chuckled. That night in the bog  
There fell a long and most impressive Log.

The swamp was silent; nothing breathed. At first  
The badly frightened frogs did never once stir;  
But gradually some neared and even durst  
To touch, aye, even dance upon, the monster.  
Whereat they croaked again, "Great Jove, oh hear!  
Send us a living king, a king to fear!"

Once more Jove smiled, and sent them down a Stork.  
"Long live-!" they croaked. But ere they framed the sentence,  
The Stork bent down and, scorning knife or fork,  
Swallowed them all, with no time for repentance!

The moral's this: No matter what your lot,  
It might be worse. Be glad with what you've got.

---

**159** **April** by Ted Robinson

So here we are in April, in showy, blowy April,  
In frowsy, blowsy April, the rowdy dowdy time  
In sippy, sloppy April, in wheezy breezy April,  
In ringing, stinging April, with a singing swinging rhyme.

The smiling sun of April on the violets is focal,  
The sudden showers of April seek the dandelion out;  
The tender airs of April make the local yokel vocal,  
And he raises rustic ditties with a most melodious shout.

So here we are in April, in tipsy gypsy April,  
In showery, flowery April, the twinkly, sprinkly days;  
In tingly, jingly April, in highly wily April,  
In mighty, flighty April with its highty-tighty ways!

The duck is fond of April, and the clucking chickabiddy  
And other barnyard creatures have a try at caroling;  
There's something in the air to turn a stiddy kiddy giddy,  
And even I am forced to raise my croaking voice and sing.

---

**160** **The Mist and All** by Dixie Willson

I like the fall,  
The mist and all.  
I like the night owl's  
Lonely call --  
And wailing sound  
Of wind around.

I like the gray  
November day  
And bare dead boughs  
That coldly sway  
Against my pane.  
I like the rain.

I like to sit  
And laugh at it --  
And tend  
My cozy fire a bit.  
I like the fall --  
The mist and all.

---

**161** **Autumn Song** by Elizabeth Ellen Long

These are the days of fallen leaves,  
The days of hazy weather,  
Smelling of chrysanthemums  
And gray wood-smoke together.

These are the nights of nearby stars,  
the nights of closer moons,  
When the windy darkness echoes  
To cricket's farewell tunes.

---

**162** **December** by Aileen Fisher

I like days  
with a snow-white collar,  
and nights when the moon  
is a silver dollar,  
and hills are filled  
with eiderdown stuffing  
and your breath makes smoke  
like an engine puffing.

I like days  
when feathers are snowing,  
and all the eaves  
have petticoats showing,  
and the air is cold,  
and the wires are humming,  
but you feel all warm...  
with Christmas coming!

---

**163** **Upside Down** by Aileen Fisher

It's funny how beetles  
and creatures like that  
can walk upside down  
as well as walk flat.

They crawl on a ceiling  
and climb on a wall  
without any practice  
or trouble at all.

While I have been trying  
for a year (maybe more)  
and still I can't stand  
with my head on the floor.

---

**164** **Ladybug** by Joan Walsh Anglund

A small speckled visitor  
Wearing a crimson cape,  
Brighter than a cherry,  
Smaller than a grape.

A polka-dotted someone  
Walking on my wall,  
A black-hooded lady  
In a scarlet shawl.

---

**165** **Ants, Although Admirable, Are Awfully Aggravating** by Walter R. Brooks

The busy ant works hard all day  
And never stops to rest or play.  
He carries things ten times his size,  
And never grumbles, whines or cries.  
And even climbing flower stalks,  
He always runs, he never walks.  
He loves his work, he never tires,  
And never puffs, pants or perspires.

Yet though I praise his boundless vim  
I am not really fond of him.

---

**166** **Mud** by Polly Chase Boyden

Mud is very nice to feel  
All squishy-squash between the toes!  
I'd rather wade in wiggly mud  
Than smell a yellow rose.

Nobody else but the rosebush knows  
How nice mud feels  
Between the toes.

---

**167** **The Tale of Custard the Dragon** by Ogden Nash

Belinda lived in a little white house,  
With a little black kitten and a little gray mouse,  
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,  
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,  
And the little gray mouse, she called him Blink,  
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,  
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,  
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,  
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,  
And realio, trulio daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,  
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,  
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,  
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,  
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him Percival,  
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon  
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,  
and Blink said Weeck! which is giggling for a mouse,  
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,  
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,  
And Mustard growled, and they all looked around.  
Meowch! cried Ink, and Ooh! cried Belinda,  
For there was a pirate, climbing in the winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,  
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,  
His beard was black, one leg was wood;  
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried Help! Help!  
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,  
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,  
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard snorting like an engine,  
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,  
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm,  
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,  
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,  
He fired two bullets, but they didn't hit,  
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.

Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,  
No one mourned for his pirate victim.  
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate  
Around the dragon that ate the pirate.

But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,  
I'd been twice as brave if I hadn't been flustered.  
And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,  
We'd have been three times as brave, we think,  
And Custard said, I quite agree  
That everybody is braver than me.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,  
With her little black kitten and her little gray mouse,  
And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,  
And her realio, trulio little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,  
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,  
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,  
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

More Ogden Nash at The Tale of Custard the Dragon  
<http://www.westegg.com/nash/>

---

**168** **I'd Love To Be A Fairy's Child** by Robert Graves

Children born of fairy stock  
Never need for shirt or frock,  
Never want for food or fire,  
Always get their hearts desire:  
Jingle pockets full of gold,  
Marry when they're seven years old.  
Every fairy child may keep  
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;  
All have houses, each his own,  
Built of brick or granite stone;  
They live on cherries, they run wild  
I'd love to be a Fairy's child.

---

**169** **Hard from the southeast blows the wind** by Elizabeth Coatsworth

Hard from the southeast blows the wind  
Promising rain.  
The clouds are gathering, and dry leaves  
Tap at the pane

Early the cows come wandering home  
To shadowy bars,  
Early the candles are alight  
And a few stars.

Now is the hour that lies between  
Bright day and night,  
When in the dusk the fire blooms  
In tongs of light,

And the cat comes to bask herself  
In the soft heat,  
And Madame Peace draws up her chair  
To warm her feet.

---

**170** **The plant cut down to the root** by Elizabeth Coatsworth

The plant cut down to the root  
Does not hate.  
It uses all its strength to grow once more.

Turn, boy, to the unknown field  
Beyond the gate.

Never look back agin  
To the bolted door.

---

**171** **Swift things are beautiful** by Elizabeth Coatsworth

Swift things are beautiful:  
Swallows and deer,  
And lightning that falls  
Bright-veined and clear,  
Rivers and meteors,  
Wind in the wheat,  
The strong-withered horse,  
Th runner's sure feet.

And slow things are beautiful:  
The closing of day,  
The pause of the wave  
That curves downward to spray,  
The ember that crumbles,  
The opening flower,  
And the ox that moves on  
In the quiet of power.

---

**172** **B How grey the rain** by Elizabeth Coatsworth

How grey the rain  
And grey the world  
And grey the rain clouds overhead,  
When suddenly  
Some cloud is furled  
And there is gleaming sun instead!

The raindrops drip  
Prismatic light,  
And trees and meadows burn in green,  
And arched in air  
Serene and bright  
The rainbow all at once is seen.

Serene and bright  
The rainbow stands  
That was not anywhere before,  
And so may joy  
Fill empty hands  
When someone enters through a door.

---

**173** **The warm of heart shall never lack a fire** by Elizabeth Coatsworth

The warm of heart shall never lack a fire  
However far he roam.  
Although he live forever among strangers  
He cannot lack a home.

For strangers are not strangers to his spirit,  
And each house seems his own,  
And by the fire of his loving kindness  
He cannot sit alone.

---

**174** **John Henry** anonymous

When John Henry was a little baby boy, sitting on the his papa's knee  
Well he picked up a hammer and little piece of steel  
Said Hammer's gonna be the death of me, lord, lord  
Hammer's gonna be the death of mine

The captain said to John Henry  
I'm gonna bring that steam drill around  
I'm gonna bring that sterm drill out on the job  
I'm gonna whup that steel on down

John Henry told his captain  
Lord a man ain't nothing but a man  
But before I'd let your steam drill beat me down  
I'd die with a hammer in my hand

John Henry said to his shaker  
Shaker why don't you sing  
Because I'm swinging thirty pounds from my hips on down  
Just listen to that cold steel ring

Now the captain said to John Henry  
I believe that mountain's caving in  
John Henry said right back to the captain  
Ain't nothing but my hammer sucking wind

Now the man that invented the steam drill  
He thought he was mighty fine  
But John Henry srove fifteen feet  
The steam drill only made nine

John Henry hammered in the mountains  
His hammer was striking fire  
But he worked so hard, it broke his poor heart  
And he laid down his hammerand he died

Now John Henry had a little woman  
Her name was Polly Anne  
John Henry took sick and had to go to bed  
Polly Anne drove steel like a man

John Henry had a little baby  
You could hold him in the palm of your hand  
And the last words I heard that poor boy say  
My daddy was a steel driving man

So every Monday morning  
When the blue birds begin to sing  
You can hear John Henry a mile or more  
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring

---

**175** **Casey Jones** anonymous

Come all you rounders for I want you to hear  
The story of a brave engineer  
Casey Jones was the rounder's name  
On an eight six-wheeler, boys, he won his fame

Now the caller called Casey 'bout half-past four  
He kissed his wife at the station door  
He mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand  
Said; "I'm gonna take my trip to the promised land"

Casey Jones mounted to the cabin  
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand  
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin  
Said; "I'm gonna take my trip to the promised land"

Pour on the water boys, shovel on the coal  
Stick your head out the window, see the drivers roll  
Gonna run her 'til she leaves the rail  
Cause I'm nine hours late with the western mail

Now Casey passed out of South Memphis on the fly  
Heard the fireman say "Boy, you got a white-eye"  
The switchman knew by the engine's moan  
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones

Now Casey got to that certain place  
Old number nine stared him straight in the face  
He said to fireman "Boy, you better jump  
Cause there's two locomotives and they're bound to bump"

Well, Mrs. Casey Jones, she sat there on the bed  
She got the telegram that her poor husband was dead

She said; "Go to bed children, and hush your crying  
Cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake line"

---

**176** **Every Time I Climb A Tree** by David McCord

Every Time I Climb a Tree  
I scrape a leg  
Or skin a knee  
And every time I climb a tree  
I find some ants  
Or dodge a bee  
And get the ants  
All over me.

And every time I climb a tree  
Where have you been?  
They say to me  
But don't they know that I am free  
Every time I climb a tree?

I like it best  
To spot a nest  
That has an egg  
Or maybe three.

And then I skin  
The other leg  
But every time I climb a tree  
I see a lot of things to see  
Swallows rooftops and TV  
And all the fields and farms there be  
Every time I climb a tree  
Though climbing may be good for ants  
It isn't awfully good for pants  
But still it's pretty good for me  
Every time I climb a tree

The End